

# POSTAL HEAD TELLS "CLOSE-UP" STORY ABOUT PRESIDENT

Colleagues of Work Give  
Unique Story of Harding to  
Newspapermen.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Postmaster General Work recently gave a "close-up" impression of President Harding to a group of western visitors who had called at the post office department to commend improvements of postal conditions on the Pacific coast. Colleagues of the postmaster general were of the opinion that Dr. Work's description of the president was so unique it should be made public and consequently it was given out today as follows:

"The outstanding characteristic of President Harding is his presence. This can hardly be called a characteristic for it is the sum of many; all in fact that a man has. The president's presence is seen to be at advantage when he is receiving the long lines of casual, curious transient visitors to the White House.

"This is almost of daily occurrence and always follows the adjournments of cabinet meetings. Many hundreds of visitors to Washington are massed without, waiting for the cabinet officers to leave when they have been assured they may shake hands with the president.

"The president's art of handshaking has been frequently commented upon. There is no art about it because it is real. It is an instinct. He meets them by the hundreds day after day, 40 per minute. If there is no band playing, more if there is music.

"The president likes children and old people, and he is fond of dogs, and the in turn like him, each in their own fashion. The dog 'Laddie Boy,' true to the Alfordale instinct for one master only, selected the president as his special friend. Children look upon him and pass on reassured, having forgotten that it was the president who held their hand, while old ladies meet him with 'The God for you, Mr. President,' or 'May God bless you,' or 'Our country is safe with you.' Often an old lady on that uncertain border line separating the grandmother from the angel, will kiss his hand, greatly to his embarrassment.

"These old people; they impress one and depress him, too, at times. They have done their work, matured their children and are waiting. Mayhap, some are rejoicing them and others may be a distress, but in either event they are their 'children' whom they must soon leave to the vicissitudes of the world. To them, the president seems a guardian and his office, a protectorate to those in the little family world so many of us live in.

"To these people the clasp of the president's hands means much. They come purposely to see him. Each one passes on feeling that he had been waiting for them to come. After the greetings as they mass in the spacious room beyond, having departed reluctantly, looking backward, the emotions in the many hearts are beyond knowing, but those critical, suspicious or resentful are all absent and the one feeling is common to all that they are leaving a presence where welcome ever smiles and farewell goes out-side."

## SUIT LOSES \$20

WITH YEAR'S USE

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 8.—What's a last year's suit of clothes worth?

Circuit Judge Landwehr believes \$20 less than the original price is about right.

James Maxwell attended a movie entertainment wearing a nifty garment that set him back \$12.50. So absorbed did he become in the picture that he failed to notice until the close of the performance that the seat occupied had recently renovated with a nice coat of green paint.

Much of the paint left the seat of the chair for the seat of his trousers.

Judge Landwehr agreed with Maxwell that the coat was of little value without the pants, and gave him judgment of \$2.50.

The exact cause of sleep is unknown.

# The Singed Ghost

By James J. Montague

I had got through the market reports and was listening, fascinated to the bedtime story, when I noticed that the air about me was suffused with a pungent odor of brimstone.

Why brimstone I couldn't imagine. Outside the night was cool and starry—no sign of a thunderstorm anywhere. The Italians had held their quarterly fireworks exhibition the week before. The trolley cars were rolling smoothly by with no grinding of brakes. Still the brimstone smell persisted.

I laid down the radio receiver and began to sniff the air. Some people can use all their senses at the same time. I can't. If I want to listen I have to stop looking. If I try to smell I can't listen.

"I suppose I'm the odor that's troubling you," said a voice that appeared to come from nowhere in particular. "It's my hands, or rather my wrists. I haven't got my hands any more."

"Who are you?" I inquired a little testily. I dislike to hold conversation with people I can't see, especially when it is evident from the proximity of their voices that they are right in the room with me.

"I'm just a ghost," said the voice, "or rather what is left of a ghost. I made a mistake, that's all. It was a mistake any ghost might have made, but unfortunately for me I happened to be the ghost that made it. Just when I was having a most entrancing time, too. Maybe you'd like to hear about it?"

I was interested and said so. I had not known before that ghosts could make mistakes. I supposed that with their wide opportunities for observation they would be infallible.

"If you don't mind," I said, "go on. But please stay in one place. It is disconcerting to have your voice coming up through the floor, then in through the window, and immediately afterward out of the bureau drawer."

"Gumming up the radio," returned the ghost, "but I'm nervous, and I like to keep shifting about. Besides it's funny to watch your face when the beginning of a sentence starts from behind a picture and the end of it comes out of the radio receiver. My sense of humor is keen. That's what got me into this trouble."

"I had been hanging about the halls where Conan Doyle lectures about us spirits, and I heard him say one evening that there was reason to believe that ghosts were using the radio, but the suggestion put an idea into my mind."

"The next evening I took up a place about two miles and a half above the earth, where all the radio messages cross to get to where they are going, and began to shift the ether currents that carried them. The first thing that came along was a market report which I picked out of the air, and substituted one of my own, which moved all the prices up about 15 points."

"Next morning every farmer in the radio district had loaded everything he had to sell on his trucks, and gone into the commission houses demanding the new prices. I was there of course, and had quite an exciting time hearing them call the commission men liars and cheats, and watching the fights."

"The next night I observed a temperance message going to a meeting

of the Prohibition Enforcement league, and substituted for it an address by Gov. Edwards of New Jersey, denouncing the Volstead law and calling on all his hearers united to restore strong drink to existing Americans."

"The people at the meeting thought their speaker had either gone mad or was putting up some kind of a job on them, and they adjourned and chartered automobiles to go hunt for him."

"Of course when they got to his house he was putting out a red hot prohibition talk, which I was relaying along to an Elks club in Jersey City, where it wasn't making any particular hit."

"Einstein As a Bedtime Story." "I never found out what happened, for just then I got an idea that it would be entertaining to try the effect of a bedtime story on the Society for the Study of Relativity. If you could have seen the faces of that bunch of super-mathematicians when, out of the amplifier came the cute replies of Reuben Robin to Wilfred Woodchuck, you'd have felt that it was worth the effort."

"The children got the Einstein lecture and it put them to sleep so effectively that the broadcasting office was beseeched by thousands of parents for more of the same stuff every night."

"I might have been still in the same business if I hadn't tried to be too funny. I had been reading in the papers about this imitation lightning that Mr. Steinmetz has been making up at the General Electric plant in Schenectady. I thought I could divert one of those streaks into the radio system, and suddenly send a sizzling flare out of every receiver I would get a reaction that would make eternity a pleasure ever afterward."

"So I hovered over Schenectady till I saw a streak of what I supposed was this ersatz stuff. I grabbed it, intending to shoot it into the radio stream, and that was all."

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "It was a real, genuine streak of an oil tank. Not even a ghost can lightning on its way to set fire to grab a streak of lightning and keep what he grabbed it with. My hands were just worn away in an instant, and since then I can't play any more tricks henceforth forever. It's too bad, too, for I was beginning to get a lot of fun out of it."

"The last of this sentence kept diminishing in volume, till the concluding word was barely audible in a corner of the closet. That was the ghost's way out."

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## May Attempt to Swim the English Channel

BOSTON, June 8.—If friends and admirers can raise money necessary to pay expenses, Charles Toth, well-known "Brownie," will attempt to swim the English Channel next August. For 10 years Toth has been a member of the "Brownies," an unofficial organization of swimmers, who take a dip every day, winter and summer. He has made the Boston Light swim four times and has set up a number of local records.

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